

## Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by  
IDA H. GIBSON

### ARRIVING HOME

Go in and wash your face with cold water, dear," said Kenneth, tenderly wiping my eyes with his handkerchief. Meekly, I obeyed him, although my body still shook with sobs. I let the cold water run over the hot pulses in my wrists and immersing a towel I spread its coolness over my twisting face.

In a few minutes I was calmer and when I came out of the lavatory I found that Kenneth had left the drawing room for a moment. I smiled at his consideration and I remembered how often, when we were tiny children and I had hurt my foot or pricked my hand on a thorn, I had always insisted that the mother go on ahead and leave me alone to get over the pain all by myself.

Pretty soon he came back. "We are nearing home, Ann," he said. "I'll help you get your parcels together."

Again my breath came with a long, shuddering sigh.

Home! There was no home for me in all this world.

I was not even sure that I should own the little house where my mother and I had both been born. One of my greatest heartaches came with the fear that I should be dependent upon others for the burial of my dead—and I was only seventeen, a child almost.

When I thought of the long years I stretched before me it seemed that I could not even bear to think of their loneliness and again my very soul raised against fate.

In the years that have passed since then I have seen many a lonely girl such as I was at the time, blindly striking out, and over again, as I shall ask her over and over again, as I shall ask her again tonight with my lips close to hers, to forgive me, my mother, for what I have done.

Mr. Halsey, I was all my mother had. She was big enough and splendid enough to give up my father and the great love of her life when she found that according to man's laws her love was wrong. But I believe God sent me to her, her greatest sorrow. I know also that I was her greatest blessing. And when you came and I knew why my young friends looked askance at me, I ran away and left my mother to bear it all alone, not only the loneliness of being bereft of me, I must stay with her as long as I can.

Tomorrow—My Mother's Farewell Message.

## Professional Shopping Is Ideal Work for Middle-Aged Women

NEW YORK.—There is only one perfect profession for the woman of middle age and for the widow, says Caroline Plow, "and that is the profession of shopper for those living out of town."

Mrs. Plow should know. She is a widow and she is making something like twenty thousand a year at the game—she lives extremely well, is happy and is the pride of her friends.

"Why do I say that the trade of professional shopper is the ideal trade for the middle-aged woman and the widow? Because for the middle-aged woman there is loneliness when her children have married and for the widow, sorrow when her husband has died, and the one cure for both evils is contact with other human beings and their little anxieties and foibles and vanities—and all these you come in close contact with when you are shopping for them."

"I have come to know women all over the west—I have learned that there is no woman with so much taste as the woman who cannot see what is called the latest style—I have discovered that no woman is so particular and so well-dressed as those who live in a town with one butcher shop and one hardware store and who have a dream in their hearts of the great metropolis and what its style must be."

### GENEROUSITY OF MEN

"I have learned that the men in small towns are far more generous to their women folk than men of the city. A man in Kansas ordered \$100 worth of stockings for his wife for Christmas—a man in New York will think he has done a lot if he has bought her one pair at five."

Mrs. Plow has made other discoveries that surprised her, she says. She has found that almost no hats come back for exchange, and almost no shoes—the two things one would think could not be bought without the wear—go at hand. She discovered, too, that the hardest order to fill is the order for evening gowns.

"A woman knows she can never be too careful," she explains, "even in the wilds of Africa, about what she wears in the evening—for it not even surely the woman's hour."

### PARTICULAR SORT OF WOMEN

Despite her enthusiastic endorsement



New York shopper says women in small towns have best taste in dress.

ment of the profession of shopper, Mrs. Plow makes it clear that she does not advise it for lonely women in general. It takes a particular sort of woman to become successful as a shopper.

"A womanly woman, a woman who has kept house, a woman who has had children, a woman, in other words, who knows about life and its problems, about people in relation to what they should wear, a woman who has had to think of such things first for herself and second, for others. A young col-

## Dorothy Dix Talks

THE MOTHER LOVE THAT CURSES

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A man asks me my definition of an ideal home. Physically, it is a place of peace, and quiet, and comfort—a place to which one goes for refreshment of body as well as of soul. With it one finds cleanliness and order, and good food, warmth in winter and coolness in summer, a good bed to sleep on, a good chair to sit in, a good dinner at the end of the day's work, a good book to read.

The place out of which a home is made may be grand or humble. It does not matter. The floor may be of bare boards, or covered with Persian rugs; the bed may be of deal or carved and inlaid wood; the dinner may be a banquet or a single sad, hungry dish. It is home, if it expresses our individual taste, and meets our individual need of comfort.

I have been in palaces built by great architects and furnished by famous interior decorators, that were no more homes than hotels or furniture stores. And I have been in two-room cottages where I sat in the kitchen and sniffed the delectable odors of the stew that was cooking on the kitchen stove for dinner, and where a woman sang at her work, and that place was the very embodiment of home.

The ideal home must have in it three people, the man, the woman and the child. No other home can make a home alone and united.

No man can make a real home by himself, though he fill it with period furniture, and the artistic loof of the world, and have perfect servants to wait upon you, and give you the feast of Lucullus to eat.

Nor can any woman make a home by herself, though she hangs a turkey on every chair, and has a chimney that smokes, a parrot that swears, and a cat that stays out late at night.

Rooms are bare and lifeless, and dead that lack the human touch that a home gets that is really lived in, where the drama of life, birth and death and laughing and weeping, does not go on continually. That is what makes old houses and old furniture so interesting. They have seen so much.

No bachelor's home-coming of an evening can have the zest that comes to the man who knows that there will be a child's face pressed against the window pane watching for him, and a woman's arm to draw him in across the threshold. A woman must have the definite object of making her husband and child comfortable to inspire her to the work of making a real home. Women who live alone almost invariably degenerate into tea and toast dietaries.

Spiritually, the ideal home is an altar on which a man and woman offer up the very best that is in them to their Lanes and Penates.

They give it to love. The very atmosphere of the ideal home is charged

with tenderness. It is a place where a man comes, secure in the knowledge that though all the world turned against him, here he would find an unquestioning faith that would believe in him until the end. It is a place in which a woman knows that she will find shelter in the arms of her husband, and that he will protect her against every harsh wind that blows.

There is peace in the ideal home at the end of the day's work, a good book to read. The ideal home is full of unselfishness. Everybody in it is seeking the happiness of the other rather than their own. There is praise instead of blame. There are words of appreciation and gratitude instead of knocks. There is no bitterness in self-denial, because the sacrifice is made for one dearer than oneself.

The ideal home is a place of cheer. The husband does not spend the evening sitting up in a gloomy grouch that sends the domestic temperature down below zero. Instead, his wife takes out on his unoffending family all the temper and nerves, and general carelessness that he dared not show customers or clients.

Nor does the wife make her home a dumping place for her tears and tempers, and consider that home means a place where she has the privilege of having hysterical fits, and talking like a fish wife.

In the ideal home the man recognizes that the round of domestic duties that a woman daily performs are as monotonous and deadly as a treadmill, so he makes a conscious effort to cheer and interest his wife, and the best stories, his snappy little record of the day's happenings, his optimistic

doing set the sun in her heaven. And the wife realizes that in his strenuous fight with the world every day, a man has just about all the unpleasures that he can endure, and so when her husband comes home of an evening she does not lay upon him already overburdened shoulders all the little worries and aggravations that have happened to her.

She does not meet him at the door with the announcement that Johnnie has broken his pet meerschaum pipe, and Tommy must be punished, and she doesn't see why he can't make enough money to buy a new one.

On the contrary, she turns a smiling face upon him, and makes merry over hardships, and feeds, and pets and caresses him into bed, knowing that he is the greatest man in the world, and has the best wife and the most delightful home.

The ideal home is a heaven on earth. Every married couple can have one if they will, because we build ourselves the kind of a home we live in.

### Sister Mary

Some laundresses seem to overlook the fact that table linen is more absorbent than any other fabric, and that the bluing water is blue.

Table linen being real linen and of soft weave should be treated in a different way than one made of flax, which is "linen" usually only from courtesy.

The water for table clothes and napkins should be slightly blued and the rollers of the wringer should be loosened. If the wringer is screwed too tightly there will be creases in the linen very difficult to iron out.

Breakfast—Baked apples filled with cereal, griddle cakes, flap and coffee.

Luncheon—Oyster plant fritters, apple pudding, tea.

Dinner—Mutton with rice, string beans, banana salad, prune whip, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

To overcome the strong flavor so many people object to in mutton, try trimming off the superfluous fat and removing the pink skin. A whole onion cooked with the meat and removed before serving does much for the flavor of the meat.

OYSTER PLANT FRITTERS.

1 bunch oyster plant  
2 tablespoons butter  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon pepper

1 egg  
Fine bread crumbs

Wash and scrape oyster plant. Cut in slices and put into cold water, to which a little vinegar has been added. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, about 25 minutes. Drain. Mash and season with butter, salt and pepper. Beat egg well and add to oyster plant. Shape in small balls, roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg slightly beaten with one tablespoon water. Roll again in crumbs and fry in deep fat.

MUTTON WITH RICE.

Fore-leg mutton  
1 cup rice  
1 small onion  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 1/2 cups canned tomato

Cut meat from bone into pieces two inches square. Mince onion and wash rice. In a buttered casserole put a layer of meat, then a layer of rice and so on until all is used. Add onion to tomatoes with salt and pepper. Pour over meat and rice in casserole. Add water to cover. Cover and cook in a slow oven for two hours. Add more water as necessary.

Don't get into a stew over your cooking—it doesn't pay.

RECOVERS SIGHT.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.—After six years of darkness, Percy Fritchett, who lost his sight in an automobile accident here, has recovered the use of his eyes. Fritchett collapsed at the grave of his father two weeks ago and physicians at that time removed bits of bone that pressed on his brain. It is probable his sight will be entirely normal.

DES MOINES, Ia.—No more bare-legged choruses in burlesque shows will be tolerated in theatres of the "American wheel" according to an American Burlesque association. "This means the principals as well as the chorus," says the order.

### Walt Mason

THE IDOL.

Once I was a public idol, for a fortnight and a day, like a bridegroom to the bride. I went on no gorgeous stage, and I did not have a single meek, strewing flowers along the road, and a halo hovered over me when I sat in my abode. But the idols always stumble, being fixed with feet of clay, and forgetting to be humble. I threw public love away. On the ninth day of October roses hit me, in my walks, on the tenth my head was bowed under a bunch of rocks. For the wealth of adulation made me feel I was a king, made me think in all the nation I was sure the biggest thing. And in evening I landed and I was swollen up with pride and my dome of thought expanded till my hat split up the side. And the people got the wildest, poor errands, changed to hicks, and they passed me no more piles, but bombarded me with bricks. If again I am an idol, I'll be wiser, I allow, and no cheap, inflated wisdom shall be laurels from my brow. For the idols wouldn't tumble, they'd be cherished to the end, if they'd just be meek and humble as down the world they went.

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### MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs"  
Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

BY ALLMAN

## BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

### UNCLE WIGGLY'S BONFIRE.

(By Howard R. Garis)

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was about to start out from his hollow stump bungalow one day to look for an adventure, when all at once he saw coming toward him a number of animal folk.

There was Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck; Mrs. Littletail, the rabbit; Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel, and Mrs. Bow Wow, the mother of the two puppy dog boys, as well as others.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" barked Mrs. Bow Wow as she ran up, her bonnet strings flapping in the wind. "Don't let them do it! Please find some way to stop them!"

"Stop them? Stop what? Is there any trouble?" asked Mr. Longears, surprised.

"There isn't any trouble now, but there may be if our animal boys build the big bonfire they are talking about," said Mrs. Bushytail.

"What bonfire is that?" asked the bunny rabbit uncle, twinkling his pink nose like a frosty star.

"You know tomorrow is election, Uncle Wiggly," explained Mrs. Littletail, the mother of Sammie and Susie. "The animal boys are gathering all the leaves they can find, as well as old boxes and barrels, and they say they are going to make a big bonfire."

"And if they do," said Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, "we're afraid some of them may be burned or scorched in some way. They won't stop for us, but they will for you, Uncle Wiggly. Please try to talk our animal boys out of having an election bonfire."

"I will," said the bunny uncle. "Leave it to me."

There, Uncle Wiggly limped off on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, and soon he came to the place where the rabbits, squirrels, doggies, monkees, piggies and others were gathering wood and dried leaves.

"Oh, here's Uncle Wiggly!" barked Jackie Bow Wow. "You will help us with the bonfire, won't you?" barked the doggie boy.

"Of course I will," said Mr. Longears. And a little later, when Mrs.

### Twisttail, the piggie lady, went past

she saw Uncle Wiggly carrying big piles of leaves and broken boxes.

"What's that?" she asked. "The boys from burning themselves, helping them gather stuff for a fire—it is very funny," said Mrs. Twisttail, and off she hurried to tell Mrs. Flat-tail, the beaver lady.

"Oh, you'd better leave it to Uncle Wiggly," said Mrs. Flat-tail. "He knows what he is doing."

So Uncle Wiggly laughed and joked with the boys, and helped them gather a big pile of leaves and sticks, which were heaped up in an open field.

"We'll have the biggest election bonfire that ever was, won't we, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Sammie Littletail, the rabbit.

"Well, I guess so," answered the bunny uncle.

And then, when he sat down to rest for a moment, while the animal boys were piling sticks and boards on the heap, Uncle Wiggly whispered something to Dickie and Nellie Chip-clip, the sparrow boy and girl.

"And fly back with as many as you can carry," said Uncle Wiggly, as Dickie and Nellie flew away.

"We will!" they chirped.

"This is getting worse and worse!" said Mrs. Bushytail to Mrs. Cluck Cluck, the hen lady. "Uncle Wiggly, instead of trying to get the boys not to have an election bonfire, is even asking the sparrows to bring leaves for it. I heard him tell Dickie and Nellie to fly back with as many as they could."

"Well, I guess so," answered the bunny uncle.

At last it grew dark, and the animal boys gathered around the large pile of leaves, sticks and boards in the field.

"Let's light the election bonfire!" barked Jackie Bow Wow.

"Oh, no, wait for Uncle Wiggly!" begged Mrs. Bow Wow. "He will know what to do so no one will get hurt."

There was a fluttering of wings in the air, and Uncle Wiggly was seen, in the dusk, talking to Dickie and Nellie, the sparrows, who had little baskets of grass on their backs.

"Please sit still, everybody," called Uncle Wiggly to the crowd of animal children, and their fathers and mothers. "We will soon have the election bonfire."

"Oh, no, wait for Uncle Wiggly!" begged Mrs. Bow Wow. "He will know what to do so no one will get hurt."

The bunny uncle went up to the big pile of leaves and wood. All of a sudden it seemed to blaze out on all sides. It glowed with light and fire, but though Uncle Wiggly appeared to be right in the middle of it he was not burned.

"Come away! Come away! You're as risky and foolish as the animal boys!" called Nurse Jane.

"Nonsense!" laughed Uncle Wiggly.

### Little Benny

Me and Puds was walking along just wawking along and I was throwing a sent up in the air and catching it again, and all of a sudden I didn't catch it again and it rolled and got lost, and me and Puds kept on looking for it with out finding it till Puds said he was only going to look 50 more minits no matter what happened, and jest then some man stopped and started to look too, saying, "What do you lose, boys?"

Being a old man with poliny wickers and I sed, sent and he sed, A sent, well, well, 100 cents make a dollar and 100 dollars make 100 dollars and so on like that, all from a sent. And he kept on helping us look, saying, How did you happen to drop it? I sed, I didn't drop it, I jest didn't catch it. And we all kept on looking, and Puds whispered, Maybe he'll give you one if we don't find it. And pretty soon he whispered, If he gives you 2 you give me one.

When I whispered back I would, and we all kept looking without the man saying anything about giving me a sent and I sed, O well, wait a sent.

Saying it for a hint, and Puds sed, That's so, a sent and touch.

O boys, boys, its siffint to tawt like that, you'll never be rich if you scorn pennies, sed the man.

I ment it wouldn't be much for you, sed Puds, and I sed, That's wat I ment, too. Wich the man jest kept on looking as if he didn't know a hint we he herd one, and after a while he sed, Well, I ges it no use, boys And he waked away, Puds saying, Aw heck, I bet he wasted so much time looking for that sent I bet he lost about 100 dollars worth of minits.

Gosh, I hope so, I sed.

Proving if people expect something different you don't get much gratitude.

The skeleton of the British airship R-34, the first dirigible to cross the Atlantic, was made of an aluminum and magnesium alloy.

"This bonfire will burn no one. It is the light of firefly lightning bugs that you see. When you asked me to stop the boys from having an election bonfire, ladies, I thought of this plan," said the bunny. "I sent Dickie and Nellie, the sparrows, down south where the fireflies spend the winter. They brought back in the warm grass baskets ten million fireflies. It is the lightning bugs crawling among the leaves that seem to make the blaze, and there is no danger to anyone!"

Oh, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" cried the animal boys.

"That's what I say, Hurrah for Uncle Wiggly!" quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble. "He saved our boys from being burned!"

The fireflies flickered among the leaves and sticks and made them look exactly as though they were blazing. The animal boys marched around and cheered the election and everyone had a good time. And when it was over Dickie and Nellie flew back down south with the lightning bugs so they wouldn't freeze.

So everything came out all right, and if the pussy cat's picture doesn't jump down off the wall when the poe-die dog barks at the moon, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly's surprise.

### Dr. James I. Vance

Don't complain because you have so much to do. Instead of complaining, rejoice.

Life would be stale, were there nothing to do. There are none so miserable as those who are useless. We climb on the ladder of deeds. We become by doing things.

The way to load up a magnet is to load it down. A chemist who had hanging in his laboratory a magnet covered with bolts and files and pieces of old iron, said in explanation: "It has been lying on the table losing power. I am giving it something to do in order to develop its power."

God bestows power on personality in the same way, by giving us something to do. A battery that is not kept working runs down. Activity is a condition of growth and development. You cannot put your strength in cold storage and expect to keep it

Gifts must be used if they are to be retained.

Just do nothing, and you will find no trouble in going to pieces. The law of stagnation and decomposition will attend to your demise. Doing nothing is a quick way of learning to do evil.

"Isn't it glorious there is so much to do?" said a woman who had made a large gift to a worthy cause.

Don't try to keep out of things. Try to get in. Don't sigh because there is work. Hold a praise meeting.

This is the philosophy back of Theodore Roosevelt's favorite text: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." This is the theology of the Scripture which says that "faith without works is dead."

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## END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Recovered.

Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks. At times I could not walk at all and I suffered with my back and limbs so I often had to stay in bed. I suffered off and on for eight years. Finally I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with splendid effect. I can now do my household work and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound and your Blood Purifier and three of my friends are taking them to advantage. You can use my name for a testimonial."

—Mrs. THERESA COVENTRY, 76 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.

You are invited to write for free advice. No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

DID YOU GIVE MRS. BROWN HER PAIR OF BAGS AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE LETTER I SAW YOU TO MAIL?

SOME MAN PICKED ME UP AND HELD ME WHILE I PUT IT IN THE BOX

AW, GEE! MOTHER.

GEE I DO A LOT OF CHASIN'—MOTHER DO I GET A NICKEL FER DOIN' THIS?

I HAVEN'T GOT A NICKEL JUST NOW BUT YOU CAN HAVE THIS BIG COOKIE

A COOKIE! GEE! I'M FER EVER CHASIN' BUBBLES, PRETTY BUBBLES IN THE AIR!

NOW THIS IS YOUR BUSY DAY! I WANT YOU TO GO ON ANOTHER ERRAND—GO TO THE GROCERY STORE AND GET TWO POUNDS OF SUGAR. BE CAREFUL AND DON'T LOOSE THE MONEY!

AW, GEE! MOTHER.

GEE I DO A LOT OF CHASIN'—MOTHER DO I GET A NICKEL FER DOIN' THIS?

I HAVEN'T GOT A NICKEL JUST NOW BUT YOU CAN HAVE THIS BIG COOKIE

A COOKIE! GEE! I'M FER EVER CHASIN' BUBBLES, PRETTY BUBBLES IN THE AIR!

—T. R. Allman